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66 BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND, -AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."-Corper.



THE SOLEMN PROMISE.

THE EXILE'S TRUST:

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.
CHAPTER I.

It was a soft, clear night of early spring, a season in which the Norman peasants say both man and beast sleep soundest. The full moon was shining on the old village of St. Renne like a second day, lighting up the cornfields round it, and bringing out in dark relief the woods that lay beyond them. But not a sound of life or motion was heard in all the land. The very watchdog slept; for it was midnight. No living thing was

to be seen, except where the moonlight turned to silver the spire of the grey and gothic church, whitened over the low green graves and ancient monuments in the churchyard, and showed distinctly two men who at that silent hour stood together and conversed earnestly.

Had any villager been abroad, another tale of superstitious terror might have been added to the many that frightened their winter firesides; but the two who met in that village of the dead were living men, with the distinctions of mortal life and its conditions about them, for the one was attired like a gentleman of the period, and the other wore the costume of the Norman

No. 823,-OCTOBER 5, 1867.

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PRICE ONE PENET.

peasantry. Both were in the prime of manhood, robust country-bred men, and true Normans, with the fair complexion, grave look, and prominent features which yet distinguish their people from the rest of France, and tell of their northern ancestry. If the man of rank had a more stately carriage, and somewhat of the pride of birth and station in his manner and bearing, the peasant had an air of sturdy independence and respectability in his own position; and they talked together there as old and trusted friends.

"I must go, Jules," said the man of gentle blood; "there is no safety for me here-no safety for any honest man in France now if he chance to be well born. There's that Count St. Renne-Citizen Renne as he calls himself to suit the new notions, and get power with the people. He will hunt me to the guillotine if he can, for the sake of my estate, though he is my far-out cousin. There was a lawsuit between his family and mine about it when Louis xiv began his reign; it lasted for eleven years, and then the Parliament of Rouen decided in our favour. The St. Rennes never forgave us that winning, and always kept a covetous eye on the château and land. A hard, cold-blooded race they were, from father to son, with small regard for honour, right, or justice, if it did not serve their interest; and the present Count Leon is the worst of them, in my opinion. I must go, Jules, for I have committed myself by speaking against the doings of those villains in Paris, and the Count is waiting his opportunity to denounce me. There is scarce one of my own tenants or servants who would stand by me. I have not been a bad master to them, but the new notions have got into all their heads; and those who might wish me well for old times' sake, are too much afraid of the men we have to do with to take my part or keep my secret. There is nobody I can trust but you and Ninette. She nursed me, and she has nursed my son, and been in our family ever since she came from the south with my mother, full forty years ago. She was all the comfort I had when my angel wife was taken from me; and a more upright, wise, and pious woman I never knew. You will let her stay with you, Jules, and be kind to her for my sake. You could not get a better housekeeper, nor your little daughter a better guide, since she is motherless and vou alone, like myself. Ninette knows all my plan; I told her last night, and she advised me to it with a text out of her Bible. She was brought up a Huguenot, you see, and holds by the Book; and, Jules, I wish I had the comfort and the courage that it seems to give her in these evil times.

"But, to come back to the matter I asked you to meet me here for, knowing it was a place where we could not be overheard or spied upon, now that all the people of the village are as quiet as those that lie below the ground. Jules, you will take my estate, my château, furniture, and everything as it stands; I will make over to you the title-deeds, as if you had paid the full price for them; you will give me what money you have, for I can raise none, having lived well and with a free hand, as all my forefathers did, and I will try to save myself and my little son by getting over to England as quickly as I can."

"Monsieur," said Jules, "I have but three thousand francs in the world. Careful and hard-working as you know I have been, they are all I could save out of my morsel of land, and they are at your service, every franc. I should say so if you were never to trust me with the estate and château of Devigne. But, since you will trust me, I promise to take good care of them and everything that belongs to you; and when you get safe

to England, as by God's help I hope you will, and I have made some money out of the crops, I will send you as much as I can if a safe hand can be found; if not, I will carry it over the sea myself, till something like peace and justice comes back to France. Then you can return and be our honoured Sieur once more, as all your fathers were. But, monsieur, had you not better take my bond for this?—'words go with the wind, but pens hold them fast,' as the proverb says."

"No, Jules, no; I will take no written paper: it might fall into bad hands, and bring you to the guillotine instead of me, for helping an aristocrat to leave the land and save his life. But, as we stand here between the graves of your parents and mine"—and the Sieur Devigne pointed to a family tomb, with crest and escutcheon sculptured on it, and then to a green mound, marked with a wooden cross—"here, with the Eye that never sleeps upon us, you will give your solemn promise that, if ever these days of blood should come to an end in your time, and I or my son come back to claim the house and lands of our fathers, you will restore them like a true and trusty man, and keep for yourself the profits you may make out of the whole estate till then."

"I promise it, monsieur, before God, and in the midst of the graves we have both wept over," said Jules, extending his right hand, which the Sieur clasped in his, saying, "He that hears the promise bless you, my brave and faithful friend, for I know you will perform it if ever man kept an oath."

"With God's help I will; and, as I deal with you, may I be dealt with!" and Jules's honest, sober face looked fine and noble in the moonlight. "But, monsieur," he continued, "since you can trust me with your house and land, why not trust me with your son too? The child is young to venture on the perils of such a journey as you must make; and that cold and cloudy climate of England, where they say there is little daylight, and nobody looks civil."

"No matter, it is safe, Jules, and I will take my boy with me. Not that I could not trust him in your keeping, but better risk the perils of sea and land than Leon St. Renne's designs on the heir of the estate he covets. I cannot, I will not leave my boy behind. You will have enough to do to protect yourself from the men these evil times have put in power. He is all that is left me now of fortune, friends, and country; and, come what will, we shall not part. But the day is coming." said Devigne. "Yonder is the moon setting behind the woodlands that surround my own chateau; some early shepherd may soon pass this way: it is time to separate and get home before we are noticed. Good night, my brave Jules. I will go off quietly about the fall of evening, making believe to sup with my friend Delaine. Ninette will bring the boy to me in the wood; and when we are gone, you will slip into possession without giving a hint of the fact till the tenants find it out for themselves. Good night."

"Good night, my noble Sieur," said Jules, the tears rushing into his eyes; "a hard and woeful case it is that you must leave your house and land to a man of my condition, and go far away among the cold uncivil strangers. But you will come back safe and soon; the bad days cannot last."

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"God grant it!" said Devigne; and, with a hearty Norman shake of the hand, the two friends parted at the churchyard gate, each taking his homeward way, as the dawn of another morning began to dapple the eastern sky.

The village of St. Renne stood in a broad and open

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dell in the forest-land of Lower Normandy. The industry of many a generation had won that dell from the woods, and covered it with meadows, cornfields, and orchards, yet the land retained its sylvan character. Rows of tall trees, planted on banks of earth which years had made moss-grown or grassy, divided the farms from each other, and formed the fences of orchard and garden. The thick walls and low-thatched roofs of the village houses were clothed with vine, woodbine, or ivy, and past the village and through the farms flowed a small but beautiful river called La Brice, with green sloping banks, and a current so clear that it gave back every shadow of passing cloud or bending tree, and reflected every light cast on it from the sky.

The inhabitants of St. Renne were all tillers of the ground. They followed that earliest calling of man with tools of a primitive fashion, but the soil they cultivated was good, and the Lord of the harvest was bountiful to them, as he is to the sowers and reapers of all lands. The frequent famines and the grinding taxation which pressed so grievously on the French people throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century were scarcely felt there. The worthless kings, oppressive nobles, and rapacious clergy, who cumbered the ground and burdened the nation so long, were scarcely heard of in the forest The lords of the soil were natives of it too, and feudal privileges, though they did exist, had never been exercised with a high hand in St. Renne. The villagers, doubtless, owed part of their immunity to the fact that the lordship was divided almost equally between two families, branches of one old Norman tree whose trunk stretched up to the crusading times. The elders styled themselves counts of the place, the younger claimed no higher title than that of sieur or gentleman. The one inhabited a feudal castle on the eastern side of the dell, the other an ancient manor-house on its western border; and the village children were accustomed to say that the sun rose behind Château St. Renne, and set behind Château Devigne. The dell's people regarded both houses with equal reverence. It was known to them that the counts possessed the greatest extent of forestland and the largest share of the seigneurial rights, while the sieurs owned the richest pasturage and the most fertile farms; and the proverb went that the St. Rennes were good for themselves, and the Devignes good for the country.

These family characteristics were most distinctly marked in the latest representatives of the two houses. The Count de St. Renne had gained a great repute for wisdom in the forest by speaking in favour of everything that was likely to succeed, and a great popularity with the peasants by the interest he appeared to take in them and their affairs; but the interest ended in words: nobody could speak of him as a benefactor, and the most intimately acquainted knew him to be covetous and over-reaching. The Sieur Devigne, on the contrary, was thought a rather imprudent man, ready to speak his mind on all occasions, apt to take the losing side, and forget the risk he was running; but strict in honour, and generous of heart and hand. The travelling gentleman and the benighted peasant were equally welcome to his manor-house. It was open to all comers at the New Year and May-day, at cider-time, the vintage of Normandy, and harvest-home, the greatest feast in the forest-land. The widow or the orphan never applied to him for help in vain.

The Count was approaching middle life, but had never married; the village gossips said because, with his poor lands, and gloomy time-worn castle, he could not find a spouse sufficiently wealthy. The Sieur was an early

widower, with an only son, still in childhood, on whom his affections rested and his pride was set as the rising branch of his line, and the heir of his ancestral estate. It was believed that he had hopes of his boy succeeding to the lands and château of St. Renne also, and uniting once more the ancient honours and possessions of the family. If the Count left no heirs, the Sieur and his son after him were the next of kin; and human expectation is apt to build on those uncertainties of time.

Had the good wishes of honest and grateful hearts been sufficient to bring about the fulfilment of Devigne's hopes, they were not wanting among his tenants and dependants, in memory of bounties given and dues remitted in hard times. The Sieur was kind and liberal to them all, and friendly with his peasants in the hearty fashion of the forest; but the one who owed him most, and with whom he was most familiar, was Jules Dubois. Thirty years before, when Devigne himself was a child, and his father was Sieur, Jules had been brought to the village by Father Bernard, the worthy old curé of the parish, who found him in one of his journeys through the forest in search of the sick and poor, an orphan boy with no relations; for his parents had been strangers in the land, having come there from Upper Normandy, and with no dependence but the charity of the peasants. Father Bernard brought him up, and the villagers called him the priest's boy; but Father Bernard received too little from his flock, and gave away too much in charity, to have any means of providing for his adopted son. Fortunately for Jules, the young Sieur took an early liking to him; the orphan boy and the heir of Château Devigne played together. Such companionship was not so strange in the forest dell as it might have seemed in Paris or Versailles. Their friendship increased with their years; and when Devigne succeeded to his patrimonial estate he made Jules a free gift of a house and land, situated in a pleasant spot on the banks of La Brice, and midway between the church and the To that house and farm Jules brought home his bride, a beautiful village girl, who preferred him to many wealthier suitors, on the same day in which the Sieur brought home a lady of high Norman blood, fair face, and loving heart.

A life of domestic happiness seemed in store for Devigne and his humble friend, but both had to learn how frail are the reeds on which human affections lean. Within two years after that happy home-bringing, there was sorrow and desolation alike in the château and the farm-house, and nothing left to either lord or tenant but a young and motherless child. The village gossips long remembered that their wedding feasts had been celebrated and their children born on the same days; and as the Sieur Devigne's son and Jules Dubois's daughter advanced from stage to stage of opening life and intelligence, it was a pleasure to the widowed fathers to compare their growth and decide which had made most progress. "Jules," the Sieur would say, "our children keep good pace with each other; when they come to man and woman's estate, and your daughter chooses a husband, and my son finds a wife, we will have their weddings on the same day, like our own. They will live in our houses after us, and be as we have been." And Jules would answer, "With God's grace, master, they will.

Such was the state of things in St. Renne, when the current of its quiet life was changed and troubled by the upheavings of the great Revolution, which, like a general earthquake, spread to the remotest corners and wilds of France. First there was wondrous news brought by passing travellers and peasants, whom business had

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led to the nearest towns, of good days coming for the people. The wise and learned men of the land were telling the nobles that their seigneurial rights over land and labour were tyrannous customs come down from barbarous times, and ought to be abolished; telling the priests that their power was built on superstition and ignorance, and that the wealth of their churches and monasteries was the nation's property, acquired by fraud and soon to be restored again. Then it was said that the king had called together the States-General to repeal all the old oppressive laws and make new and good ones. Every kind of justice was to be done. Some said there would be no more taxes, some said there would be no more nobles; but the general belief was that lands and houses and all the riches of town and country would be divided equally among the people, and every one would be made comfortable and well-to-do. That was the peasants' version of those brilliant but impracticable theories promulgated by the philosophers and socalled reformers of the time.

The new ideas took possession of the forest villagers as they did of the Paris mob; and Count de St. Renne's wisdom gained a still higher repute among them, when he declared himself in favour of the new opinions, absolved his peasants from all feudal service, dues, and customs, and took the name of Citizen Renne. His popularity knew no bounds after these demonstrations in the people's cause. They contrasted strongly with the conduct of the Sieur Devigne, who held fast by the old ideas and practices. Though friendly and considerate to all his dependants, the pride of rank and birth had a high place in his mind. He was a man of the old school by nature, and clung to the ancient institutions, manners, and modes of thought; like his land and his privileges, they had come down to him from his ancestors, and he could not give up one of them. That conservative attachment made him forget or overlook the crying evils and abuses which had come down with them, and the real necessity of a speedy and ample reform. The Sieur scorned and scoffed at the new doctrines, prophesied the total discomfiture of all their authors and abettors, and in his zeal against them stood more firmly on his lordly rights, and insisted on his dues of homage and service as he had never done before. In consequence, Devigne became unpopular even among his own tenants. He had done none of them injustice or wrong of any kind, and many were indebted to his kindness; but he opposed the people's liberty, and took part with the oppressors. His good and liberal deeds were forgotten, his harsh and haughty words were remembered, and the then dangerous title "aristocrat" was fixed upon him throughout the forest.

The Count was elected to represent the forest people in the States-General, and distinguished himself by popular motions and speeches; while Devigne was rejected, and remained at home, getting into continual quarrels with his peasants about unpaid respects and withheld dues. These quarrels embittered his temper, and deepened the dislike with which the whole neighbourhood regarded him. As the strife of parties increased, and the evil passions of men were stirred up in town and country, the Sieur found himself deserted by the oldest servants of his family, hated by the tenants who lived on his land, and without a friend except Jules Dubois.

Jules was as conservative in his way as his lord, though not on the same grounds. A priest of the old school, Father Bernard, had brought him up. Whatever errors were in his creed, from him he had learned to reverence the church, to be loyal to the throne, and

to respect law and order. A kindly man of rank had been his patron and friend, and all the titled orders shared in the honour and regard he owed to the Sieur Devigne. Moreover, Jules was too domestic in his habits to take much interest in public affairs, and too prudent to commit himself on any subject that seemed dangerous. If his own home and family were safe and comfortable, if his farm work and his honest thrift prospered and were not interfered with, it would not have concerned him what party was uppermost, or what ideas prevailed. But Jules was much concerned regarding his friend in the château, as time wore on, and the political storm gathered strength. When the good things hoped for, and the justice that was to be done, changed to terrible tidings of slaughter in the streets of Paris and in the palace of Versailles; when every day brought news of the murder of priests and nobles, the burning of castles, and the plundering of churches; when civil war raged in the west and south, and armed bands of strangers were heard of invading villages by night, and doing what they called justice on the aristocrats; when men of rank and fortune were flying from their homes and from their country in all directions,—it was with a sort of relief that he heard the Sieur unfold his plan of immediate flight to England, and accepted the trust proposed to him among the silent tombs and under the midnight sky.

The dappled dawn had seen the close of that earnest conference, and the falling night found Jules seated by the low bed to which age and sickness had confined Father Bernard. The good cure's long and useful life was drawing to a close amidst strange and terrible times; their events appalled his honest heart, but did not shake his faith, which was not built on the traditions and authorities of his church, but on the word of God. "The Master whom I have served these eighty years," he said, "is Lord of the tempest as well as of the calm. He will overrule the designs of evil men and save the land by the means that may seem good to him; but now his judgments are abroad in it, for its sins have been great and grievous." These and similar remarks were all that fell from Father Bernard on the widespread and bitter strife around him. From his sick bed he sent to all his flock exhortations to peace and charity with all men; and such was the weight of a good and pious example, that peasants the most puffed up with the new opinions, and most ready to rail against church and clergy, would hear his message with respect and say, "Had the priests been all like our good curé, things would never have come to this pass in France." In his house there was quiet and safety: there was not one of the forest men that would not have armed and stood on its defence; and Father Bernard, having his trust not on the strength of man, kept his doors open night and day, that all who wished might come to him with their troubles and perplexities in that trying time.

There was no likelihood of visitors at that quiet hour, and Jules, his adopted son, sat by the good priest's bed relating what had passed between himself and the Sieur Devigne in the churchyard over-night, and showing the assignment of lands and château to him as their purchaser, while their rightful lord, in the disguise of a peasant, and accompanied only by his little son, was on his way to Grande Ville, the nearest port, from whence he hoped to reach the English isle of Jersey.

"Our Lord aid and direct him," said Father Bernard, raising himself in his bed, and looking earnestly at Jules through the gathering twilight. "Our Lord aid thee also, my son, to keep thy trust truly, for it is a weighty one, and in danger of many temptations."

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"Do you think the Count will bring me into trouble, father, or try to get the estate from me?" said the cautious Jules.

"He may, my son; but it is not he thou hast to fear chiefly: Jules, it is thyself;" and the curé's voice took a

sad and warning tone.

"Myself, father! you would not suspect me; you would not suppose that I could forget my duty to the Sieur, after all his kindness and friendship with me ever since you brought me home a poor orphan boy from the forest; my solemn promise given at the grave where they laid my father and mother—how green the grass grows over them—though they were strangers; that I could forget

right, justice, and honour so far as to break Devigne's trust?" said Jules, with great vehemence.

"I do not suspect thee, but I suspect the weakness and sinfulness of the human heart," said Father Bernard. "It is a weighty trust for a man of thy condition to have a fair estate and a noble manor-house given into his hand without pledge or bond of restoration. Time and circumstances work strangely on men's minds; the troubles of this land will not soon be over, so that the exiles may return in peace, and temptations thou knowest not now may assail thy faith and honesty. Thou didst well to accept the charge which the noble Sieur could confide to no other; but, Jules, my own adopted son, depend for keeping it truly not on thine own honour, thy justice, or thy gratitude, for all these have failed with other men, but on the grace of God, which alone can keep us faithful and firm against all tempters without and within."

Jules promised to follow that wise and pious counsel, received the good father's blessing, and went home to make arrangements for taking possession of the château with as little observation as possible. He found it an easy matter in the first instance; the hostile feeling against the Sieur had become so strong before his departure that not a servant remained in his house but the old nurse Ninette, whom he had recommended so warmly to his successor's care and confidence, and a poor youth named Claude Lemette, one of the very few cretins to be found in Normandy, whom Devigne had kept out of charity. The nurse was acquainted with her master's plan; poor Claude expected him back every day, and was sure that Jules had come with his family merely to take care of the house till the Sieur's return. Jules had but a small household to remove; it consisted of his little daughter Lucelle, a child in her tenth year, Joan Closnet, his robust maid-of-all-work, and her equally robust brother Jean, who had helped him to till his farm. The Closnets had lived with him as relations rather than servants, being, like himself, respectable peasants. The kindly association of years had bound them to his interests; and, while knowing nothing of the secret and unwritten contract between him and the Sieur, they rejoiced at his good fortune in getting such a bargain of the estate, and saw the necessity of keeping the demonstrations of their joy within very narrow bounds, for fear of the envy they might stir up among old neighbours and equals.

So Jules took possession unostentatiously enough, in the middle of a quiet afternoon, and gave the Closnets' widowed mother and her young children leave to live in his forsaken farm-house. He was a cautious man, and had, fortunately for himself, no taste for grandeur or display; and his first act, as master of the château, was to shut up all the superior and handsomely-furnished rooms, reserving only the kitchen and some equally humble apartments for the use of himself and his now increased family.

Scarcely had this been done, when a great weight was taken off his anxious mind. A travelling merchant, to whom the Sieur had been a profitable customer, brought him one day from Grande Ville an ivory snuff-box, saying he had been charged with it by a Jersey fisherman as a present to Jules Dubois; and Jules recognised it with silent joy and thankfulness as the token of Devigne's safe arrival on English ground, agreed upon at their last parting.

THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.

On the 8th of June, in the present year, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was crowned King of Hungary in the Pfarr Kirche of Ofen (Buda). Every form enjoined for the ceremonial in "the irrepressible middle ages" was rigidly observed, and the details of the cornation, which filled the daily papers, read almost like leaves from some quaint old chronicle, bringing magnificent barbarism and gorgeous mediævalism into the latter half of the nineteenth century.

This graceful concession to the wishes of the people, and recognition of them as a separate and independent nation, "may be looked upon," as it has been observed, "as an event of European importance. It implies reconciliation not only of the Magyars with the Emperor, but of all Hungary with all Austria, of all Austria with all Germany." For twenty years the present Emperor has been the actual ruler of that spirited little kingdom; but the people would not fully acknowledge his right (although he claims his descent, in the female line, from Arpad, the father of the nation), because he had not subscribed the inaugural diploma (written, as in olden time, upon a dog-skin), nor taken the oath, nor had the crown of St. Stephen encircled his brow. All this has now been happily accomplished.

The Emperor and his consort observed the preliminary fast of thirty hours, and then proceeded to the church. After the prescribed service had been read, the candidate-king was anointed, and invested with the old "greenish-grey" mantle of St. Stephen, said to have been worked by Gisella, queen of that monarch, about the year 1031. It is highly esteemed by the Hungarians, and it bears marks of much wear and tear. No fingers but those of the queen of the country are suffered to touch this royal robe when it needs repair. The sword of St. Stephen was put into the hand of the sovereign; the Palatine of the kingdom, and the Archbishop of Gran, then lifted up the crown and placed it upon his

head.

A history of extraordinary romance belongs to this famous crown, more curious and interesting even than that of the more ancient and better known Iron Crown of Lombardy.

The battle of Vesprini, A.D. 1000, put an end to the conflict between Christianity and Paganism in Hungary. The victorious Duke Stephen, the St. Stephen of our story, sent Astricus, Benedictine Abbot of Martinsberg, as an envoy to Pope Sylvester II, to report proceedings, and to ask permission to assume the title of king, and a crown with which to be inaugurated. The Emperor, Otho III, was willing that the duke should be gratified, and Astricus returned to tell his valiant master that both his requests were granted. Tradition states that the Pope fortunately happened to have by him a crown fit for the purpose, having had one made for the Polish king Lazlo, whose messengers were then waiting at Rome for the promised gift to their sovereign; but they were doomed to disappointment. The day was fixed for its being presented to them; but the story goes on to

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tell that on the previous night the pontiff retired to rest, but not to sleep, and that, in that uncomfortable condition, he had a vision of two angels, who desired him not to bestow that crown upon the Poles, because some Magyars were on the way, and it was to be given to them. Such commands were not to be disobeyed; the Poles were sent home empty-handed, and the happy Astricus bore the valuable present home to Stephen, who was duly crowned therewith at Gran.

In A.D. 1073 King Geyza besieged and took Belgrade. Unlike most of the conquerors of that period, he generously set his captives at liberty, to return to their families; and the Emperor of Byzantium, Nikolaus Dukas, acknowledged this clemency by the gift of a splendid golden diadem. Geyza then had the two united; and to this day the original Roman crown forms the lower part, and the Byzantine one the upper. "This crown is of a very pretty singular shape," wrote the author of a description of Hungary, in the year 1687, "for it is very low, and hath a cross on the top, with four leaves that go completely round it, of which one is as big as the other three, or, at least, two of them. It is infinitely esteemed by the Hungarians, because they believe that an angel brought it to their king, St. Stephen." The epithets "sacred," "holy," "apostolical," are applied to it, the last of which is borne by the king as an appendage to his own title.

The crown was used at the successive coronations of the twenty-three kings of the Arpad dynasty. Andrew III was the last male representative of that line, and after him two rival parties sprang up, one supporting Charles Robert of Naples, the other Wenceslas, the younger, of Bohemia. Wenceslas was crowned in 1301, but three years afterwards he was exiled by the opposite faction. He carried off the crown with him, and is said to have bestowed it upon Duke Otho of Bavaria, who had been elected king in his stead. The opposition of the Emperor of Austria made it necessary for Otho to pass through that country in disguise; but he succeeded in conveying the crown, "packed in a wooden box," safely the whole way. He was less fortunate in the next journey which he took with it, when he went to seek the daughter of the Duke of Transylvania in marriage, and lost the emblem of sovereignty on the way. Without the crown his wooing did not speed, for the indignant duke imprisoned the luckless pretender to his daughter's hand. The treasure was subsequently discovered and taken to the duke, who liberated poor Otho, and accepted his suit. The crown had, however, sustained severe injury in its fall, of which it still bears the marks. The incident was duly put on record, and the Hungarian archives attest the truth of the story.

In 1439 King Albert of Hungary died, and his widowed queen, Elizabeth, daughter of Sigismund, King of Hungary and Bohemia, took possession of the Sacred Crown, and deposited it, for safety, in her own chamber. The babe to whom she gave birth not long after his father's death was named Ladislaus Posthumus, and when only four months old he was crowned with the Crown of St. Stephen as he lay in his mother's arms. The Queen trusted that this would secure to him the sovereignty, which was so closely connected, in the minds of the Magyars, with the possession of the valued crown; for they, as a modern historian expresses it, "with a superstitious reverence considered it as necessary to establish the validity of the regal title;" but a year afterwards the Parliament bestowed her hand and the crown upon Wladislaw of Poland. An insurrection compelled her to return to Vienna; again she resolved to get the crown into her own keeping, and, with the help

of some confidential assistants, she accomplished her end. The ready wit of one of her ladies secured the crown from observation; for, inverting it into the cradle, the exterior was concealed by the bedding around it, and a spoon put in gave it the appearance of being the baby's saucepan. For the journey the crown was sewn up in a red velvet cushion, upon which the same lady sat, and thus it was conveyed across the frozen Danube in a sledge. The Queen intrusted her son to the care of the Emperor Frederick, and pawned the crown to him. In 1458 Matthew Corvinus became King of Hungary, and he redeemed the crown for 60,000 gold pieces.

About seventy years subsequently, after the battle of Mohacs, John Zapolya was duly crowned with the farfamed diadem. He placed it in the custody of Peter Pereny; but the man unworthily betrayed his trust, and gave up the crown to Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, who used it for his own coronation in 1527, and then removed it to Prague, where it remained for more than half a century, to the great sorrow of the Hungarians. only during that time, when Rodolph was crowned, was the precious treasure used in Hungary. When at last Rodolph abdicated, and his brother Matthias became king in his stead, a law was made which provided for its better security, by appointing Hungarian crown-keepers, in whose custody it was to remain, at Presburg. Other laws referring to its safety were enacted from time to time. In 1784 the imperious mandate of the Emperor Joseph II compelled the keepers to remove the crown and the rest of the regalia to Vienna, but he restored it to Presburg six years afterwards.

The romantic adventures of the crown did not end there. In 1849 Kossuth compelled the keeper to deliver it to him. Magyar feeling still clung fondly to the venerated relic, and the people insisted that the dictator should receive it bare-headed. The keeper gave it up with these words, "I hand you the Holy Crown, with which fifty kings have been crowned during eight hundred years." The crown soon disappeared from view, and all traces of it were lost. A government commission made an inquiry into the matter, which only resulted in disappointment, and popular superstition held that angels had hidden it in the tomb of Arpad. Four years afterwards an inundation of the country on the Austro-Wallachian frontier gave Kossuth reason to fear that the crown would be discovered, and he laid a plan for its removal to London. He had confided the secret of its hiding-place only to three or four of his friends, but one of them, in an unguarded moment, made a remark which led to further investigation, and the Austrian Government succeeded in obtaining the information required. On September 8th, 1853, the Hungarians rejoiced over the discovery of their crown, which was found hidden in a field near Orsova. It was taken back to Vienna, and subsequently placed at Buda.

Such is the story of the Crown of St. Stephen, which would well furnish materials for a grand epic poem. It weighs between three and four pounds, and, at the recent coronation, the King had to wear it for ten hours, excepting that, after the Queen had been anointed, as required by ancient usage, "under the right armpit," the crown was taken from him, held upon her right shoulder for a short time, and then replaced upon his head; for none but a reigning sovereign may wear that valued diadem. During the rest of the day the Queen wore a silver crown, thickly studded with diamonds and pearls. This had been made for Maria Theresa, who never used it, being entitled to wear the ancient one, as Queen-Regnant.

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The ceremony in the church being finished, the King, with the crown on his head, the old mantle on his shoulders, and the huge sword in his hand, mounted a noble cream-coloured charger, and rode alone up the Krönungshügel, an artificial mound, composed of soil brought from every province in the kingdom. A stroke with the sword was dealt by the King towards each of the four points of the compass, and, managing his steed with a dexterity that elicited bursts of applause from his Hungarian subjects, who are noted as accomplished horsemen, he rode down the hill. The royal pair, who must have been faint from their long fast, sat down to the banquet. They were served with all the ceremonies prescribed by inexorable tradition, and the Emperor-King must have felt it a considerable relief when the Holy, Sacred, Apostolical, but heavy Crown of St. Stephen was then lifted from his head.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, the most popular and the most fortunate of English portrait painters, was born at Bristol in 1769. His father was a man of some talent, but a rather eccentric sort of subject, who attracted some notice in his day. He had been by turns a law student, an exciseman, and an innkeeper, and he was further the father of sixteen children, of whom Thomas, the future painter of crowned heads, was the youngest. Not succeeding in Bristol, the elder Lawrence removed to Devizes, where he figured as landlord of the Black Bear, an inn then of considerable repute as one of the resting-places of the flying basket-coaches which traversed the distance between London and Bath in a couple of days. It was at Devizes, while he was yet a little toddler in petticoats, that little Tom began to manifest an extraordinary capacity for art. The father, too clever himself not to recognise this rare talent, encouraged it in every way, and made the little fellow's amusements conducive to its development. As soon as the bov's fingers were strong enough to grasp and guide the pencil, he was seen to partray with it objects of various kinds, all of them with a fidelity justly accounted marvellous. At three years of age he began drawing heads in profile, and before he was four could produce passable likenesses in this way. It now became "the thing," among the fashionables "who flew down to Bath in the nightly machine," to rest a night at the Black Bear at Devizes, for the sake of being drawn by the wonderful boy. The father seems to have behaved on these occasions much as Barnum did with Tom Thumb; he trumpeted loudly his son's talents, kept him in the background until the critical moment, and then perched him with his miniature easel in the middle of the table, the observed of all observers. Thus exalted, the baby artist was on a fair level with his sitters, and proceeded rapidly with his work. The heads, little more than pencil outlines, but drawn with astonishing freedom, were charged five shillings each; and, as the young draughtsman threw them off in a few minutes, it is pretty clear that the father must have found the speculation not unprofitable.

But, spite of his son's earnings, whatever they were, Mr. Lawrence failed at Devizes, as he had done at Bristol. At the end of seven years, during two of which the boy had been at school at Bristol, Lawrence removed to Weymouth. There he seems to have done no better; and in 1782, when young Thomas was in his thirteenth year, we find him settled at Bath. This was a fortunate

graceful crayon paintings are well known, attracted by the boy's talent, received him as a pupil; and it was from him that Lawrence acquired that fascinating grace of manner which, though it may be open to objection as in some degree theatrical, was undoubtedly the primary cause of much of his subsequent popularity as a painter of female beauty. There exist at the present time some remarkable specimens of young Lawrence's skill as a crayon painter-specimens which must have been executed between his fourteenth and seventeenth year. They are principally of the cabinet size, some of them single heads, some family groups; but they are all characterised by a force and vigour never seen in the productions of Mr. Hoare, and at the same time by that delicacy of colouring which was Hoare's distinguishing forte. The youthful years of Lawrence were passed in uninterrupted devotion to his art: while other boys of his age were busy with sport and play, he would be copying historical pictures, or taxing his hand and his fancy in designing some illustration of history, sacred or profane. Before he was fourteen he had completed a copy in crayons of Raphael's "Transfiguration," and had received for it a prize from the Society of Arts, accompanied with an extra purse of five guineas-an honour which, he often afterwards declared, had a great effect in stimulating his ambition to excel.

Lawrence seems to have abandoned the practice in crayons in favour of oil-painting while yet very young. His oil-paintings executed at Bath in 1785 and 1786 are the productions of a hand thoroughly skilled; and one or two of them, which we have seen, exhibit in their backgrounds an admirable feeling for landscape. It was the custom in those days for ladies to be painted in a walking-dress, wearing broad straw hats and loose light drapery in summer, or muffled up in furs and close bonnets in winter. Some of Lawrence's ladies, stereotyped by him in such costumes, are among the most charming female portraits we can recall.

In his nineteenth year (1787) Lawrence, new beginning to be talked of, removed, with his father, to London, and took up his abode in Leicester Square, then and long before known as the artists' quarter. He in a manner announced his arrival by sending seven of his pictures, all female portraits, to the Somerset House exhibition, where all were accepted. He at once became the rival of the best painters of the day-Sir Joshua Reynolds receiving him warmly and giving him the best advice. In 1791, although he was under the age fixed by the rules of the institution, he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, owing, in part, it is said, to the partiality shown for him by George III. When, in the following year, Sir Joshua died, the King appointed Lawrence in his place as principal painter in ordinary. From this time forth his career was one of uninterrupted success; he became the petted painter of the Court and aristocracy-and par excellence the painter of ladies. He removed his painting-rooms farther west, first to Jermyn Street and then to Bond Street, ever working industriously, painting a vast number of pictures, and earning large sums of money. He had not, however, the knack of saving, but indulged to the full his artistic tastes in the purchase of gems, bronzes, pictures, drawings, and other masterpieces of art; and his generous disposition by assisting the poor and struggling, and especially the members of his own profession. It is not difficult to account for Lawrence's growing popularity; his manners were easy and graceful, his temper charming, and from having been a beautiful child, and a no less beautiful youth, he had grown up one of the handremove, especially for the lad. Mr. Prince Hoare, whose somest men of the time. Then, spite of his carly

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educational disadvantages, he had sedulously cultivated his mind by reading, had acquired admirable conversational powers, and had amassed a respectable store of knowledge on general subjects. He had the advantage of the best society almost from his first entrance on London

It is worth while in this place to glance at Lawrence's method of painting. Like many other great men, he had learned diffidence while his powers were maturing. Perhaps his practice when abroad, while he was painting, as it were, in the presence of the old masters of the



life, and was naturally fitted for profiting by it. The Prince Regent visited his painting-room, and showed his favour towards him in public; and, when the allied sovereigns came to London in 1814, he commissioned Lawrence to paint a series of the kings, warriors, and statesmen who had restored peace to Europe, conferring at the same time on the artist the honour of knighthood. This royal commission was not executed until after the lapse of years. The labour which was begun in 1814 was not concluded until 1819, Lawrence having in the interim visited Aix-la-Chapelle, Vienna, and Rome, where he painted Pope Pius and Cardinal Consalvi, two of his finest pictures. This series of portraits is tolerably well known to the public—the whole of them being exhibited in Waterloo Hall, at Windsor Castle.

art, may have had something to do with this. Certain it is, that the older he grew the less satisfied he became with his work, spent over it more of his time, and altered it more frequently. After his return from the Continent in 1820, loaded with the honours he had received from foreign potentates, and installed as successor to West in the presidency of the Royal Academy, he was evidently impressed with the obligation he was under of taxing his powers to the utmost. His painting-room, now in Russell Square, where he wrought amidst the gems of his collection, and attended by his assistant pupils, who did most of the drapery and backgrounds, was the envy and admiration of the profession. It was his habit to commence his picture by making a careful drawing of his subject with Italian chalk on the canvas; the drawing

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was often as good a likeness as the painting could possibly be when finished, and it would sometimes happen that these drawings were so exquisitely done that the sitters would not allow them to be painted over, but would purchase them as they were, obliging the artist to commence the painting on another canvas. Many of these drawings on canvas are now highly valued, and some of them have even been engraved. During his later years Lawrence was under small obligations to the colour-grinders who prepared artists' pigments in bladders-he kept the choicest colours in the unground state, and had them ground as he used them by an expert hand who did nothing else. In the use of colours he was most lavish, not so much in the quantity he laid on his canvas as in the quantity he wasted; the moment that he fancied his tints were becoming clouded, he would lay aside the palette and brushes he was using and take new ones, which it was his attendant's care to have always ready prepared according to his directions. He was fond of a complex palette, as is evident from the numerous tints, not unmingled with small touches of positive colour, which abound in his graduated shadows.

How severely Lawrence criticised his own work may be judged by the following anecdote. Some two or three years after his return from the Continent, he was commissioned to paint the Infanta of Portugal. He had had six sittings from the fair young scion of royalty, and the picture was almost finished as to the face and pose, when he took a sudden dislike to it, not from any fault perceptible to the sharpest critic, but because he had observed that a different view of the face was better than the one he had chosen. One morning a friend of the writer's called to see him, taking a younger art-student with him. They found Sir Thomas in the act of painting out the head of the Infanta-covering it completely with pure white, in preparation for a renewed attempt. Very few painters would allow themselves to be surprised at such an occupation, but Lawrence could well afford to be frank. "I am glad you came this morning," he said to our friend, "since you may learn a lesson that will be useful to you. You see, I have made a failure, and am going to begin again. Recollect, when you are not so successful as you would wish, that even we who are supposed to be at the head of the profession do not always succeed. And, take my advice-when you have made a blunder, and have found it out, it is much better to destroy your work and start afresh than to patch it with alterations."

Very shortly after his appointment as painter in ordinary, Lawrence found that his services would be monopolised by the Court and the nobility; and, that he might not give offence to his grand patrons, he generally refused all other commissions—the few exceptions he made being in favour of men of science or literary eminence, and his personal friends. Hannah More told the writer of this notice that, on applying to Lawrence with the expectation of being painted by him, he expressed his regret that he could not possibly comply with her wish, and in the most courteous manner advised her to apply to Pickersgill. "He will do it," he said, "as well as I could, and probably better than I should, for he has more time." lady took his advice, and the result was the well-known picture by Pickersgill, which certainly may claim to rank with anything of the like kind from Sir Thomas's

The most fascinating of Lawrence's performances were without doubt his pictures of children. He caught their infantine expression to the life, grouped them with a felicity and a grace which have never been surpassed,

and by his exquisite force and tenderness of colour made them in a manner to live and laugh on his canvas. Our illustration is a happy example of these child-pictures, of which he painted more than even Sir Joshua had done. When these pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy, they were invariably the centre of a crowd of ejaculating admirers, who wanted fitting words to express their delight; and they were generally engraved by the first professors, and found their way not only into the print-shops, but into the costly albums and annuals of the time.

It was generally supposed that, as Lawrence had been uninterruptedly prosperous-as his prices were the highest ever known-and as he must have earned enormous sums, he would certainly have accumulated a good fortune. Such was not the case, however. He had never cared to save; he had lavished great sums in the purchase of drawings by the old masters and other costly rarities; he had lived all along in a profuse and perhaps extravagant style; and he had been uniformly generous in his assistance to artists less fortunate than himself. At his death, which happened suddenly (he died in his painting-room) in January 1830, it was found necessary, by his trustees, to dispose of his unrivalled collection in order to meet the claims upon his estate. Thus the gatherings of Lawrence's life, which should have been preserved intact, in the interest of our national art, were dispersed, and the advantage of them lost to the public.

There have been various opinions expressed as to the influence of Sir Thomas Lawrence's style, and the success it met with, upon English art in portraiture. The worst effect of it was—and it was a most mischievous one-that most of the artists of his day imitated him in peculiarities that were easily imitable, while they failed to acquire his admirable colour and true and graceful drawing. What was always natural and unconstrained in Lawrence, became conventional and rigid, and often most absurd, in his imitators, who thought they were painting as he painted, when they were only plagiarising his attitudes and accessories. Haydon delighted in exposing these ridiculous failures, and was accustomed, at his popular lectures, to pose his models or himself in some pretentious attitude, with head awry, and "snorting at a Corinthian column," backed by an avalanche of red velvet curtain-calling such a tableau a Royal Academy full-length after Lawrence, and "a long way after." On the whole, it is doubtful whether, although Lawrence achieved so great a reputation for himself, his example was productive of any great advantage to English art, seeing that among his numerous imitators not one arrived at eminence, or even succeeded in catching the graces of his style; and that it was not until the majority of his followers had died out, that the public were fitted to judge the merits of originality submitted to their judgment. One sometimes speculates on what Lawrence might have become if, instead of falling, when a boy, into the hands of Mr. Prince Hoare, he had been trained in the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE FAMILIAR NATURAL HISTORY OF INDIA.

BY AN OLD QUI-HYE.

NO. VIII .- SMALL PREDATORY QUADRUPEDS.

Hitherto we have only treated of the more conspicuous objects of the "feathered creation." There is less to be said about the beasts or mammalia, in so far as they are

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not so prominently observable. Nevertheless, a few animals of this class also obtrude themselves upon notice, and must be severally passed in review.

The jackal (Canis aureus) is heard much oftener than seen; but, in the less frequented streets and roads about the suburbs of Calcutta, one or two may commonly enough be discerned on moonlight nights, skulking along the line of shadows; and, when driving or riding, we have occasionally passed one in the public road, in the environs of Calcutta, quietly trotting along like a dog, in broad midday; or, more commonly, one or more of these animals may be seen crossing a field; but for the most part they avoid observation, and conceal themselves during the day in drains or thickets. In the cold season they become more gregarious, and troops of them then traverse the towns or cities, "making night hideous" with their loud and only too familiar yelling. The howl of the jackal is heard at intervals during the night, and consists of a succession of series of yells, each set uttered successively in crescendô; and the cry of a single animal is often mistaken for that of a troop, and generally sets all the neighbouring dogs barking and howling, and those of the better sort eager to attack the nocturnal marauders. Jackals, however, are useful scavengers in their way, like other creatures of similar habits, devouring all kinds of animal refuse, but likewise seizing and carrying off any small animal that they can get at, and especially not sparing puppies, very many of which fall victims to their almost cannibal rapacity; so that they may be considered as helping considerably to keep in check the increase of pariah curs. Yet they sometimes, though very rarely, interbreed with the latter, and we have seen two or three hybrids thus produced. A female of this kind belonged to a friend of the writer, and was rather a pretty animal, and graceful in its movements; tame enough to those it knew, but it could not be permitted its liberty on account of its inveterate propensity for preying on domestic fowls and ducks. This hybrid was of a bright chestnut or dun colour. She had four pups by a Scotch terrier, two of which more resembled the one parent in appearance and two of them the other; and it is remarkable that the more dog-like puppies inclined more to the jackal in habits and character, and vice versû. The jackal, as is well known, has all the craft and cunning of the European fox, and, like the fox and also the Australian dingo, it utters no cry when worried by dogs; and it is marvellously clever in counterfeiting death on such occasions, when quite overmatched. We have seen one thus simulate death for more than an hour, during which one dog after another that together had been worrying it would give it a few shakes from time to time, and roughly enough in all truth; yet, when abandoned at last, it would cautiously open one eye, and, perceiving a fair chance of escape, would suddenly avail itself of the opportunity, and bolt off as if unhurt. Jackals, however, have repeatedly been known to come to the rescue of one of their companions that had been attacked by dogs. Sometimes a whole troop of them will thus give battle, and prove too strong for their opponents-a manifestation of pluck that does them credit; but such instances are rare, although their occasional occurrence is exceedingly well attested. In days within our recollection, when the Calcutta hunt was maintained (and annually reinforced by a supply of foxhounds from England), a whole troop of jackals once came to the rescue of a hunted companion, as recorded in a number of the "Bengal Sporting Magazine." For the most part they are very timorous of man, and stealthy in their movements; but one has been known to rush forth from a thicket to attack a wounded antelope, and

hold on to it in the manner of a bulldog. In the course of our experience we have seen several albino jackals (pure white, with pink eyes), also several of a bright rufous or chestnut colour, one or two coal-black, and several of a sooty-black, but it is still very rarely that they occur of other than the proper colouring. They are generally distributed over India, with Ceylon; and they are common about the great rice-exporting station of Akyab, in the north of Arakan, but do not inhabit elsewhere in the countries eastward of the Bay of Bengal, with the exception of a very few in Upper Pegu. In the islet of Singapore, where originally imported as a beast of chase, they have multiplied so as to become a nuisance to the inhabitants.

The common pariah curs, of most parts of India, are of medium size, and smooth-coated; with a thin tail, commonly much curled, jackal-like head and ears, somewhat longish limbs, and lank body, drawn in at the flanks, thus tending distantly to the greyhound conformation. They are of various colours; but reddish bay, black and pied predominate. Few of them bark, but they howl most dismally. To our ears their voice is far more detestable than the yelling of the jackals. A large proportion of them are ownerless; but these attach themselves to particular neighbourhoods and to villages, from which latter they issue forth to howl at the approach of a white-faced stranger, and so pertinaciously and annoyingly as oftentimes to bring upon themselves a charge of shot, should the said stranger happen to be carrying his fowling-piece. In some parts of the upper provinces of the Bengal Presidency the pariah dogs have bushy tails, and some of them bear an exceedingly close resemblance to the wolves of the country, which are smaller and less robust than those of Europe, and are known to naturalists as the Canis We are aware of no other "dhole" in any part of India, though such an animal is familiarly referred to by sundry writers in Europe, as a particular race of wild or semi-wild canine animal inhabiting various parts of the country. The rufous "wild dog," erroneously so called (C. rutilans), is altogether a distinct animal, which does not give origin to any domestic variety. There is an essential difference in the form of the skull and number of teeth, which is more than can be averred of many domestic dogs and the wolf. The rufous "wild dog" adverted to is in appearance like a very large robust jackal, of a bright reddish colour, with black tip to the brush, and long hair on the toes, concealing the claws. It keeps exclusively to the extensive jungles, and hunts in packs, being the most destructive of all animals to four-footed game; and, moreover, its range of distribution extends to the countries eastward of the Bay of Bengal, where it is currently stated that no wild species of canine animal inhabits.

The common parish dog, after all that has been said to his disparagement, is very much the victim of adverse circumstances and of neglect, being as capable of attachment as any other race of dog, if encouraged and kindly treated; but, as we generally see him, he is a sneaking, cowardly cur, tolerated as one of the many scavengers of the land. But dogs of a more cultivated type degenerate rapidly in hot climates, or at least their offspring do so, and, however carefully bred, tend to assume the jackal or wolfish style of visage, and the lank form of the indigenous pariah, and to lack the energies of their imported progenitors. The pariah dogs do not, however, generally in India, like the jackals, attack the kids and poultry everywhere about, because they have been reared amongst them, and have been taught better manners; and they are chiefly shy and distrustful of 1867.

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Europeans, who generally hold them in utter detestation, alike for their ill-favoured appearance, their grovelling and sneaking habits, and, above all, for their most hateful ululations.

In Burmah we remarked the pariah dogs to be of a stouter and more wolfish-looking race than those generally found over India; and they are bolder and more predatory, for we have seen them attack poultry on the sly. The Burmans, as Buddhists, are exceedingly averse to taking life, and there are no jackals to help to curb the inordinate increase of pariah dogs, which are apt to become most inconveniently numerous, as we have witnessed in Mergui and some other places. At Rangoon, the notable plan was hit upon of employing convicts from India, the term of whose sentence was nearly expired, to thin their numbers, remitting a week of further incarceration for so many of them destroyed; and a more effectual mode of abating the nuisance was never devised. There is no longer an overplus of pariah dogs in Rangoon. In Ceylon it was found that they were actually bred for the sake of the premium offered by Government for their heads; just as, in North America, we have heard of a particularly "cute Yankee," who reared a number of wolves annually as a paving speculation, for the sake of the bounty given for their heads when arrived at a proper age!

A very pretty little fox (Cynalopex bengalensis), with a black-tipped brush, is common in most of the cultivated parts of India, and early in the morning we have seen two or three of them at play on the Calcutta esplanade, though it is doubtful if any would be found there at the present time. It is a harmless little creature, preying chiefly on the larger insects, especially grasshoppers. This tiny fox is sometimes coursed with greyhounds. In the provision-bazar we have seen one purchased to be eaten by a Chinaman. An equally diminutive true fox, with the usual white-tipped brush and black ears, inhabits the desert, or comparatively desert, regions of Western India; and the Himalayan fox is again different, being much larger, and nearly akin to that of Europe. Though mainly an insect-feeder, mice or small birds would doubtless not come amiss to the little ordinary fox of the country, or perhaps a frog or lizard; but we have never heard of its attacking domestic poultry. A mango-stone was found in the stomach of one; but all of the canine tribe are more or less fond of fruit, so that the fable of the fox and the grapes is not in all senses a fable, as has been suggested. A domestic dog will, with taste for fruit, soon strip a gooseberry-bush of its

produce.

Of other small carnivorous quadrupeds, a diminutive mungoose (Herpestes auropunctatus) often takes up its abode-i.e., a pair of them-in the outhouses about "compounds" or town gardens; and we have more than once seen an animal of this species fearlessly cross the public street in the native town of Calcutta; but they do not fall much under observation. There is also a small civet-like animal (Viverricula malaccensis), which we have repeatedly known to be entrapped in houses towards the outskirts of Calcutta, where it prowls about at night for whatever it can find that is eatable, in the manner of a strange cat. Its presence, however, is only detected by such occasional captures. A species of true wild cat (Felis chaus) also keeps much to the vicinity of human habitations, and is destructive to poultry, if the latter be not adequately protected at night. These various small beasts of prey, however, are barely prominent enough to be noticed here as objects or representatives of the Familiar Natural History of India. To a certain extent, the mungoose genus may be said to hold the

place, in the warm regions of Asia and Africa, of the weasel group (Mustela) in temperate climates, as also in Southern Asia and its islands, the bondars (Paradoxurus), which are sometimes termed "palm-cats," and "polecats" not unfrequently; one species of this genus (P. msaanga) is common, and generally diffused over nearly the whole Indian region (comprising the Indo-Chinese and Himalayan countries), attacking poultry sometimes, though mainly subsisting on fruits. When this animal kills a fowl or pigeon, it eats only the brain. The mungoose genus is noted for the antipathy which these little animals bear for snakes of all kinds, of which they are the mortal foes; but certain harmless snakes, in their turn (especially Coluber blumenbachi, which attains to six or seven feet in length), are as useful for checking the increase of the common brown rat, which is nowhere more exceedingly troublesome than about Calcutta and its environs.

The musk shrew (Sorex cerulescens), commonly known as the "musk rat," is a fetid little brute, exhaling a very strong and rank musky odour, with which it taints the places it frequents. This little beast must not be confounded with the musquash or "musk rat" of North America (Fiber zibethicus), which is a large rodent akin to the voles (Arvicola, as the water-rat and the shorttailed field mice of this country). 'The Indian musk rat, so called, is about the size of the European mole, with similar peaked snout, and short smooth fur of a pale grey colour. It is mainly nocturnal, though occasionally seen about by day, issuing forth from drains and such-like places, generally where the ground is damp; but it wanders about much at night, often finding its way into rooms on the ground-floor, and contaminating them with its stench. It is a ferocious little brute, that would make short work with a mouse or small bird that it happened to get hold of, though it preys chiefly on cockroaches and other insects. Its peculiar screeching sibilant voice is familiar to all dwellers in India. Dogs or cats will seldom seize one, perhaps never a second time; but it is common enough to see a crow pegging away at the dead carcass of a musk shrew. It is a creature held in disgust by people generally, and has no one quality to recommend it to favourable notice.

Among small predatory quadrupeds must decidedly be included the common brown rat (Mus decumanus), which, as before remarked, is nowhere a more troublesome nuisance than about Calcutta, where it is difficult to keep anything from its ravages, or its numbers within moderate control. About the best plan would be to introduce the breed of ferrets; but then there would be no keeping these from domestic poultry and pigeons, if they were to multiply and become numerous. The common rat especially abounds in the native parts of the town, and a full-grown one is often mistaken for a bandicoot (Mus bandicota) by Europeans. The latter is a much larger and more robust species, with bluffshaped head, and it is not nearly so carnivorous or omnivorous in its appetite; but it is little known to most people, except by name, and we remember that a reward was long vainly offered for a specimen of a true bandicoot by a gentleman in Calcutta. A full-grown animal of whatever kind is sure to be the very largest that was ever seen! It is also so with a tiger, or with a wild Indian boar, as often with a common rat, which last is tolerably sure to be denominated a bandicoot in India, by people who do not discriminate specific differences. The black rat (Mus rattus) is not uncommon among the shipping in the river Hooghly, but we never saw one ashore. The common house mouse of India (M. urbanus) is a little

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different from that of Europe, but has quite similar habits. The writer never saw these mice elsewhere in such extraordinary abundance as at Lucknow, where he has seen them career across the streets in mid-day, and a party of them would be sure to be gamboling about the room when he was sitting at meals. Of other Indian rats and mice there is a small reddish-yellow rat with white under parts (M. flavescens) which is common in gardens, and forms its nest in the branches of trees. comes sometimes into and about houses, but does not inhabit them; though we have occasionally known one to retreat during the day, and hide in the interstices of the jilmils (or jalousie-blinds) of ground apartments. Another kind of rat, bluff-headed and short-tailed (M. indicus), not unlike our British water-rat in appearance, abounds wherever there is field cultivation, and sometimes in gardens, together with a diminutive field mouse (M. terricolor), and again a species of gerbille (Gerbillus indicus), which is a rat-like animal of a fawn colour, with very long and somewhat tufted tail, and with longer hind-limbs and shorter fore-limbs than the true rats have. All these are common species, which a student of natural history is sure to become acquainted with; and there are many more in different parts of the country, varying in their habits, and those which feed solely on grain are much eaten by certain of the lower castes of human inhabitants. Several of these field rats are highly injurious to the cultivator, as they lay up immense stores of provender in their subterranean

Domestic cats are numerous in India, and very commonly of a brownish-grey colour, without any markings on the body—a style of colouring which is never seen in this country; while the tabby markings, so very common among British cats (pale streaks on a black ground), are never seen in Indian grimalkins. In the southern parts of Burmah, the Malayan peninsula and islands, the Philippines, and again over much of China and Japan, almost every tame cat has a defective or distorted tail, which is usually very short or knotted, and sometimes altogether wanting! Probably our tailless Manx cats were originally imported from one of the countries indicated



THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

About ten years ago a lecture was delivered at Peterborough by Thomson Hankey, M.P., giving a popular account of the Bank of England. The substance of this lecture, with much additional matter, has since been published in a work "On the Principles of Banking." For an epitome of this work we are indebted to the writer of the valuable sketches of London scenes and

London people appearing in the "City Press," from the columns of which paper we transfer the portions of the article most likely to interest our readers.

The Bank of England commenced business under a royal charter, from William III, in 1694, but for many years it was merely used for Government purposes. It was not until the middle of the last century that it began to take its present important part in facilitating trade and commerce. What now goes on daily at the Bank is but a concentration of what goes on, though on a smaller scale, in most English towns and villages. In 1750 the daily receipts at the Bank were about £180,000; in 1857 the average receipts in a single day were about £3,500,000; and probably a similar increase has occurred over the whole country. The Bank business is threefold. First, the management of the National Debt; second, issue of Bank notes; third, Government and private banking. The dividends are always paid halfyearly; and the certainty of this has always rendered the Government Stocks a favourite investment. Such a service performed by bank agency has a great value. Any one whose name is inscribed in the books may sell his stock when he pleases, and without charge, to seller or buyer, by the Bank; or transfer it to one or more persons, as he pleases, through his broker. Recently, about £270,000 were paid six-monthly in dividends on such stocks. The directors are bound to keep these accounts, without limitation as to the number, without additional charge. On each warrant a deduction is made for income-tax, and the gross sum thus collected is paid over half-yearly to the Government. About £180,000 is paid to brokers on warrants of attorney every six months, and every customer is advised on the same day that the stock or dividend has been received. The Bank is absolutely responsible for stock, and when payment is made on a forged order the loss falls on them. It is rare for an error of one penny to arise in the whole number of transfers made and dividends paid, throughout a whole year.

The Bank issues notes to persons bringing gold, or other notes, requiring them to be exchanged. coined gold the notes are issued at the rate of £3 17s. for every ounce of standard fineness-that is, twenty-two parts out of twenty-four fine or pure gold, or, in other words, quite free from alloy. Of this gold so received for notes, the Bank may invest £14,000,000 in Government securities, the remainder must be kept in the vaults, ready for use. If they prefer it, they may hold a portion, one-fourth, in silver. In 1865 £10,000,000 in notes were issued, separate notes, all being made within the walls, the paper alone being made elsewhere. These notes are commonly issued to bankers in large amounts, chiefly in bundles of 500 each, but every single note is entered separately in a book prepared for the purpose; and every note, when it returns to the Bank, whether after one day or twenty years, is immediately entered in its proper place, such books being balanced daily, so that the Bank knows exactly, before the day's work ends, the whole amount of notes for which it is liable. Notes are never re-issued: they are laid aside when returned, are kept seven years, and then burnt. The whole are not destroyed together, but at various times, and as many are burnt as will correspond with the new notes issued. The profit to the Bank on these transactions is £100,000; for the Government receive £120,000 for the privilege of issuing notes, £68,000 in lieu of stamp duty, and £170,000 for wages and rent.

The third department, Government and private banking, is the most important of all. It comprises all accounts kept for Government, for whom the Bank 1807.

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all ink receives every shilling of the national income, as well as the accounts of numerous public and private mercantile establishments. The whole revenue from customs, excise, &c., whether received in London or in the Hebrides, finds its way almost immediately to the Bank, and is instantly available for the demands of the State. Scarcely a sovereign is used in these transactions—the whole is effected by banking arrangements. A Government collector may want to send £50,000 from Liverpool to London, but some private person, on the same day, wants to remit £50,000 from London to Liverpool through the Bank, and both operations are carried on by the mere entry in books and advices sent by the post. The revenue flows in at the rate of about £1,000,000 per week, and a considerable portion is left to accumulate to provide for the quarterly dividends. £5,000,000 or £6,000,000 are paid away on those days to the public, yet the difference as to the abundance or scarcity of money just before or after such payments is scarcely appreciable. In the private banking department every sort of banking business is conducted for ordinary customers, savings may be received, and the dividend and interest placed to account: securities are taken in charge, and cash may be kept in the same manner as at private banks, and with similar conveniences. If deposits are needed, or payments in gold for foreign banks, every facility is given. The average amount of deposits of all classes in the Bank seldom exceeds twenty millions, while the deposits in the Joint-Stock London Banks alone exceed forty-four millions sterling, besides which the fifty private banks in the metropolis carry on a very large amount of business.

The extent of such monetary transactions will be best known by some reference to the arrangements of the Clearing House. This is a house or large room, to which all the London bankers send daily a clerk, charged with all the cheques payable at any London bank, which have been sent by customers for collection, and to be placed to account. Here a mutual exchange of such cheques takes place; and, instead of each banker needing to provide money for them all, he has only, at the close of each day, to provide for the final balance against him. Such is the system, and thus, it is stated by Mr. Babbage, a settlement of accounts amounting in one year to £954,000,000 was effected by a total payment of £66,275,000 in Bank notes, or about seven per cent. of the sum which would otherwise have been required. In 1856 it was resolved to settle all balances daily between banker and banker by cheques on the Bank of England, and these settlements were made daily, in 1857, to the amount, during the twelve months, of £130,000,000; and thus a balancing account of at least £1,900,000,000 was effected without employing a single Bank note or a single sovereign. Thus what must otherwise be done by one man wheeling a barrowful of bags of gold or silver to another man, of whom some property has been bought, is now completed, through the quiet agency of bankers, by the mere entry in books, or a few letters by the post. Money usually finds its way to the banker in the form of deposits. They can be withdrawn at pleasure, but, while they remain in the bank, any profit derived from them becomes the banker's, and is a clear gain to the country; if otherwise, the property would have remained idle.

It is difficult to ascertain the real amount of money in the country. As to paper money, on the 1st of January, 1866, the amount of Bank notes in the United Kingdom was about £35,500,000 sterling, but an approximate amount of gold is difficult to fix. In a Parliamentary Committee, a Governor of the Bank stated that the amount of coined gold was from £40,000,000 to £50,000,000. Mr. Miller, a great authority, thinks there

is not less than £80,000,000 of gold and £12,000,000 of silver.

Stock Offices.—Acts of Parliament provide that, while the Bank exists as a corporation, books shall be kept, in which the name of every proprietor shall be inserted. The first entries are of the original subscribers to the loan, and the chief cashier grants a scrip certificate for the sum paid. This certificate is sent to the Stock Office, the amount registered in the scrip book, and the certificate left with the Bank. The name and amount, copied into a journal, are transferred to the ledger; then the scrip becomes stock, transferable at pleasure, the whole transaction being completed in one day. The entries in the ledger correspond with the amount of the specific There is no further actual interference on the part of the Bank. As managers of the National Debt, they neither buy nor sell, though, as bankers, they may do so. A party wishes to purchase £1,000 Three per Cents. His broker deals with a person called a stock-jobber, and, the price settled, the broker sends to the Bank a transfer ticket, that the stock may be transferred from A, the seller, to B, the buyer. Such stock being found on the account of A, he copies the ticket into the transfer book; meantime the broker prepares a stock receipt agreeing with the entry, and when A comes to make the transfer (having been properly identified) he signs the book, which is a formal discharge to the Bank for the stock, and the stock receipt is handed to B, the buyer, as an acknowledgment that the said amount of stock is now his property. It is immediately entered to B. B stands in the place of A, and can in like manner deal with the stock and dispose of it to C. Each transfer becomes a perfect deed of conveyance. A stockholder may transfer all, or half, or £100, or sixpence. The transfer may also be compieted by power of attorney (it costs 1s. 6d., and 20s. for the stamp) to any person as his agent; but if he acts for himself he may make any number of transfers without expense. The dividend books are thus made up, all the names are entered on slips, with the capital stock, the interest, and income-tax, and the net sum payable. This is done in alphabetical order on ruled sheets, eventually formed into volumes-the dividend books. Then the dividend books are compared with warrants for payment, and being found correct, payment to the stockholders commences. When the dividends are due, the books and warrants are passed from the transfer offices into the dividend rooms. The books are ranged in alphabetical order on the counter, and the warrants are placed in drawers inside the counters, both being served by a number of clerks, whose duty is to deliver the warrants to the stockholders. The claimants must name the amount of stock, and their name or names. If correct, the applicant must sign the dividend book, and the warrant is handed to him. This he must also sign, which being attested by the clerk is re-delivered to him, and may then be considered as so much money. It may be paid away in any manner the possessor thinks eligible. The warrants thus discharged at the pay office are passed to the cheque office, where the amount of such liabilities is made up, and their correctness ascertained. Once a year the warrants on each particular stock are sent to the Audit Office, Somerset House, as a proof of the payment of the dividends, and in this mode about 510,000 warrants are forwarded annually. The powers of attorney for transfers and the receipt of dividends amount in a single year to about 30,000. They are most carefully examined at the Bank when executed. Transfers effected by means of forgery are at the risk of the Bank, and though great care is taken to prevent fraud, it is impossible to avoid mistakes, and the Bank sometimes incurs heavy losses.

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In the Registration Office a register of wills and administrations is kept; about 4,000 such documents are dealt with annually.

Unclaimed Dividend Office.—Parties die intestate, and the heirs are not aware there was any stock. Others leave the country, and, in some cases, never return. Thus large sums remain unclaimed. After a lapse of ten years they are transferred to the account of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt; but parties entitled to the money can make good their claim at any period, when the amount will be re-transferred. It was once very difficult to get any information as to unclaimed dividends, but there is now an office where such claims may be traced out, and all reasonable inquiries answered. From 1856 to 1866-7, 156 claims have been allowed.

Stock Office Library.—It contains the old stock ledgers, transfer and dividend books, etc., from the establishment of the Bank in 1694. There are upwards of 160,000 of these volumes, all in charge of a librarian, who is able to refer at once to any of them. They are in excellent condition, and are really invaluable, and all possessors of stock have a readily accessible title. Reference to the books, however, is only permitted to persons connected with the various stock offices. The books contain a very valuable collection of autographs.

To manage the National Debt, 400 persons are constantly employed, with 50 extra when the dividends are paid. Ten rooms are devoted to the purpose, and more than 1,760 books are in constant use. The present rate of remuneration for the work is £300 per million on the first £600,000,000, and £150 per million on the remainder, making about £200,000 yearly. It is difficult duly to estimate the labour. There are 176,000 yearly transfers, and this one operation makes 300,000 alterations necessary. The making-up of the dividend books is a vast undertaking—the interest to calculate, the tax to estimate and deduct, the net sum to ascertain. The shuttings were abolished in 1861, so that stock may now be sold and transferred every day in the year, Sundays and holidays excepted.

Issue of Notes .- The paper required has for years been made at Portal's Mills, Laverstock, Hampshire. About 213,000 quires are supplied, at a cost of 19s. 6d. per ream of 500 pieces, which are usually kept for six months. The dies for the water marks, as well as the plates, are manufactured at the Bank. The chief cashier fixes the number of notes to be printed. Two processes are employed in printing; the first includes the whole except numbers and dates, which are added to the skeleton notes as needed. Before this addition the chief cashier is responsible for their safe custody. They are numbered, dated, and signed under the direction of some of the principal officers. When the notes are thus completed, they are deposited in the treasury, ready for daily use. Notes get into circulation in two ways. Notes may be demanded in exchange for cash, or those who have drawing accounts may draw cheques, and take notes or gold as they prefer. The number of every note issued is registered. Any one presenting a note may require payment in gold. The cashier's daily account, received and issued, and the amount of coined gold, is also checked with the same accuracy. When any officer receives notes, they are immediately cancelled, by tearing off the corner bearing the cashier's signature; and these cancelled notes are tied up in bundles, varying from 300 to 1,500, each bearing stamp referring to the balance-sheets of the day, so that the clerk in search can, in a few minutes, state by whom, and when, each note was paid in. The number paid in and cancelled daily, varies from 24,000 to 42,000. These cancelled notes amount to the amazing number of 90,000,000, and each of them can be referred to in five minutes. About thirty persons, including twenty-four boys, are employed in the production of notes, and, in addition, there are nine cashiers and eight store clerks. There are fifteen clerks in the department for exchanging gold for paper, and vice versâ, and there are three others in the treasury, who have the custody of the notes. There are 125 clerks in the accountant's department, fifteen of whom are inspectors, their sole business being to ascertain the genuineness of notes, and to give notice should a forged note be accidentally paid. The bulk of the notes paid in by banking firms are left for examination, and forged notes, as a rule, are at once detected.

Bullion Office.-The Bank are bound to buy any amount of gold at £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. This is a con. venience to the public who need an exchangeable commodity like coin instead of gold in bulk. If an importer wishes to sell gold, that is, to obtain coin, he can take it to the Mint, and for each ounce of twenty-two carats fine he receives gold coin at the rate of £3 17s. 101d. per ounce, but he must wait several days for payment. He finds it better, therefore, to go to the Bank, and receive $1\frac{1}{2}d$. less per ounce, for immediate payment. The Bank only send their bullion to be coined as they may be in want of sovereigns. Frequently they sell foreign gold coin at a small profit, to enable them to defray the expense of coinage when necessary. The Bullion Office is used as a depôt for gold, silver, diamonds, or other precious stones, and importers are allowed to deposit goods there, on making a small payment for using the Bank scales. This department therefore is not a source of expense, but yields a moderate yearly profit. In the Silver Office, where there are twelve desks, in the year ending October 1866, £2,200,000 worth was counted over, and £500,000 new silver from the Mint.

Gold Weighing-room.—Here there are ten machines (the invention of Mr. Cotton) constantly at work. It is merely necessary to keep them fed with sovereigns and half-sovereigns; the whole process of weighing and dividing the light from the full-weight coins is performed at a rate of about 2,000 per hour each, with a correctness impossible to manual labour. In 1866 £20,000,000 worth of gold was tested, and the individual number of coins amounted to 22,000,000, a daily average of 68,000. Every light piece is instantly cut, and the wear of the coin is but slight. The machines are moved by an atmospheric engine, connected with steam machinery.

The Bank business is conducted at the following offices :- The Private Drawing Office; Public ditto; the Bill and Post Bill Office; together with the Dividend Pay Office: and they all are intimately connected. Any party may open an account at the Bank on being respectably introduced, but he must be remunerative as a customer. His balance must secure this at the ordinary rate of interest. It is assumed that the Bank ought to Sometimes receive 6d. for every cheque cashed. balances are not insisted on, but then a positive charge is made. Accountants are liberally kept-every convenience is given to customers. The Bank will buy, sell, or take charge of se arities, receive dividends, and make payments, but accounts must not be overdrawn. Good bills are discounted for customers, and advances made, but the sole account of a customer must be kept at the Bank, or give a remunerative balance. If an account is unfairly worked, remonstrances are made, and if not attended to, the account is ordered to be closed.

All London bankers have drawing accounts at the Bank—a mutual advantage—without which, if they had a "charge" of £10,000 in drafts on Messrs. Glyn, as the

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Bank do not join the Clearing House, these must be taken to their bank, and must be paid in cash, while Glyn's clerk might be taking a similar "charge" at the Bank, which he also must receive in money. Hence £20,000,000 must be carried through the city at considerable risk, whereas now Glyn's clerk pays in his "charge" to their account, and Messrs. Glyn give the Bank out-teller a cheque on the Bank, in liquidation of his claim. The bankers now consent to pay their balances at the Clearing House, and hence great public facilities are provided.

In the Public Drawing Office many accounts are kept in addition to those of the Government, as those of the Trinity House, the Accountant in Bankruptcy, etc. The separation between them is made to give more convenience to the clerks, and the public generally. There are 109 clerks in the Drawing Offices, and 221 books in constant use. In the Bill Office, bills of exchange of every class are arranged and sorted, so as to be duly presented when at maturity. Thirty-two out-tellers are occupied in this duty, and in presenting cheques. There are two collecting circuits, called the "out walk," and the "City walk." The first includes all the west-end bankers, and the suburbs of London. The collections commence at nine o'clock in the morning, and at mid-day. About sixty-five clerks are employed, and 121 books are used in registering the bills, etc. In the Post Bill Office, bills are granted at sixty or seventy days' date, the value in cash being paid when they are taken out. Such bills are very convenient for the safe transmission of money to and from England. There is commonly a balance of £500,000, which the Bank may use; and the interest upon it, minus office expenses, is a positive profit. About 110,000 bills are issued yearly, representing an aggregate of £8,000,000. Sixteen clerks are engaged in this office. Then there is the Dividend Pay Office. The work is light here, except at the quarterly payments. Frequently as many as 5,000 separate dividend warrants are paid over the counter in one day. Forty-eight clerks are employed on such occasions. The names of Chancery and Exchequer, and General Cash-book Offices describe the business they perform.

The Discount Office transacts most important business, for the Bank employs the larger portion of its deposits in this species of security; but the utmost caution is used in granting accommodation. Any really respectable person may have a discount account at the Bank, if introduced to a director by whom he is known, or to the Governor, with good references.

The Bank has various branches. The general management is by the Governor and Committee of Treasury. The issue controls itself, for each note circulated above 15,000,000 is represented by bullion in the vaults. The 15,000,000 is invested in Government securities, and no risk is possible until the issue of notes is reduced to £15,000,000, which has never yet been the case. The Governor and Deputy-Governor attend daily, and there is a daily committee of three directors. There are twenty-four directors, who, with the Governors, constitute the Court, which meets every Thursday.

As a building, the Bank covers four acres, at an estimated rental of £70,000 yearly. Two of the chief officers must always reside within the walls, and the Bank is never left without responsible agents. A military guard also attends, besides a body of watchmen, all of whom are trained to the duty. Upwards of 1,000 persons are employed, at wages amounting to £260,000 yearly. Pensions to superannuated officers amount to £20,000. The clerks have an insurance society among themselves, and there is a well-selected library in the Bank for their use.

Parieties.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND .- "The Westmoreland and Cumberland statesmen, or small landed proprietors, still retain the manners inherited from their forefathers, strongly indicative of a sturdy independence, and not without a considerable tincture of pride. Many of the Cumberland yeomen still wear a plain home-spun grey cloth, hence their name of grey cootes; but the number of statesmen, both in Cumberland and Westmoreland, has been long gradually diminishing. Railways, as in other parts of England, have effected a great social revolution in these counties. The statesmen have found themselves exposed to competition which they never expected; they have become embarrassed, and have been too often obliged to sell their land which had belonged to their ancestors for generations. The tendency now is towards the accumulation of land in the hands of large proprietors, and the gradual extinction of a class of men whom the progress of society is fast consigning to the traditions of the past. The state of the country is undergoing a rapid change, but many old customs yet survive among the peasantry. The farm houses are yet survive among the peasantry. The farm houses are generally very ancient, and their interior economy has been but little changed by time. They are generally built of stone, with very thick walls, and are either thatched or covered with a coarse blue slate. The furniture consists of a long oaken table, with a bench on each side, where the whole family-master, children, and servants—take their meals in common. side of the fireplace is generally a seat, about six feet long, called the long settle, its back often curiously carved, and a chest with two or three divisions. At the other side of the fireplace is a sconce—a sort of fixed bench, under which one night's elden, or fuel, is deposited every evening. The chairs are generally of oak, with high arms, and carved on the backs. The bedsteads are also of oak, with carved testers. The clothing of the family was formerly made from wool, spun from the native fleece, and of linen, made from the flax which was grown on almost every farm. The 'hemp ridge' in fields still bears its name, although its origin may have been forgotten. Clogs, or wooden-soled shoes, well adapted to a mountainous and rainy country, continue in common use."— "Murray's Handbook to Westmoreland and Cumberland."

GLASSWORKERS OF MURANO.—North of Venice there lies among the lagunes an island called Murano, containing a cathedral and a few remnants of lovely architecture, which call to mind days of ancient prosperity. In Murano are found the descendants of the old Venetian glassworkers. The old Venetian glass was light, bright, vitreous in appearance, and stained with the richest possible colours, and all these qualities are retained in the recently revived manufacture at Murano. There is one more strong point in favour of glass blown and worked over than moulded—viz., that every individual piece is an original work of human art; and as it is almost impossible that any two should be exactly alike, unless their form is very simple indeed, the buyer chooses according to his fancy, and is sure that no one else possesses a piece of exactly the same size and shape. In the manufacture of the ordinary cut glass, minium (red lead) is frequently added to increase its brightness; but this destroys at once the characteristic lightness, and, causing it to cool more rapidly, quite prevents the possibility of working it in the proper ductile and malleable condition. The Murano material is worked as the ancient Venetian glass made on the same island used to be, and all the old methods have been discovered, or, at least, the same effects have been produced. The fiamma, perhaps more strange than beautiful, the millefiore, the smelze, including perfect imitations of agates, chalce-dons, lapis lazuli, etc., for mosaic, the aqua marina, rich ruby colours, the brilliant avventurina, all are here, and many other kinds of work, some of which are imitations of the old glass, and some new inventions.

CLAVERHOUSE. PORTRAITS BY A POET AND BY AN HISTORIAN.

"When we look," says Professor Aytoun, "at the portrait of Claverhouse, and survey the calm, melancholy, and beautiful features of the devoted soldier, it appears almost incredible that he should have provoked so much calumny and misrepresentation. His contemporaries describe him as one who was stainless in his honour, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesmen of the time." Let us turn from this fancy portrait to the stern fact of the murder of John Brown, of Priesthill, by the hand of Claverhouse. We take the account from the History of Lord Macaulay, who was ready enough to sneer at the "nasal twang of the conventicle,"

but whose regard for truth compelled the following narrative: "John Brown, the poor carrier of Lanarkshire, was, for his singular piety, commonly called the Christian carrier. Many years later, when Scotland enjoyed rest, prosperity, and religious freedom, old men, who remembered the evil days, described him as one versed in Divine things, blameless in life, and so peaceable that the tyrants could find no offence in him except that he absented himself from the public worship of the Episcopalians. On the 1st of May he was cutting turf, when he was seized by Claverhouse's dragoons, rapidly examined, convicted of nonconformity, and sentenced to death. It is said that, even among the soldiers, it was not easy to find an executioner, for the wife of the poor man was present. She led one little child by the hand; it was easy to see that she was about to give birth to another; and even those wild and hard-hearted men, who nicknamed one another Beelzebub and Apollyon, shrank from the great wickedness of butchering her husband before her face. The prisoner, meanwhile, raised above himself by the near prospect of eternity, prayed loud and fervently as one inspired, till Claverhouse, in a fury, shot him dead. It was reported by credible witnesses that the widow cried out in her agony, 'Well, sir, well, the day of reckoning will come;' and that the murderer replied, 'To man I can answer for what I have done, and, as for God, I will take him into my own hand.' "

LORD GLENELG.—After an intimate acquaintance of sixty-five years, I can truly say I never knew a better man, and very few abler. He was a most accomplished scholar, a learned man in all respects, a distinguished orator, a Minister whose sound views and most able administration were thankfully acknow-ledged, even by the colleagues whose treatment of him was so unjust, and to themselves so disgraceful. Above all, he was a man of spotless integrity, both in his public and private capacity, of deep and well-considered religious opinions and strong religious feelings, but never for an instant sharing the intolerance of others towards those with whom he differed most widely, and firmly resisting all the aggressions of bigotry, whether ecclesiastical or political. His public virtues and the entire unselfishness of his nature were strikingly displayed when dismissed from high office in a manner as inexcusable as was Lord Plunket's and Lord Wellesley's, by being suddenly told that his place was wanted for some other arrangement; he yet never showed his just resentment by a single vote, or by any remark, but persevered to the last in his honest course, nor ever uttered a word against those colleagues, by whom he had been praised, and thanked, and betrayed .- Lord Brougham.

ICE-BAGS ON THE SPINE.—Dr. Chapman, whose treatment of cholera by ice applied to the spine attracted much attention, gives the following as the rationale of the remedy. "In all stages of this disease, before reaction sets in, the arteries throughout the body are in a state of spasmodic contraction, caused, proximatively, by abnormally vehement stimulus from the sympathetic nervous centres; hence the 'mortal coldness' of cholera patients. Nay, I affirm that when in such cases ice is applied along the spine, it exerts a sedative instimulus sent from them to the arteries, abolishes the spasms of the latter; and therefore that, by enabling the blood to pass through them again, ice so applied conduces to re-action, and makes the patient warm." Though no medicine yet known has the power of recovering patients from choleraic collapse, yet, of thirty-three cases of collapse treated by means of ice, twenty-six were completely rescued from that state, and four more were rallied—two of them to a great extent.

Golf.—St. Andrews, for more than a century, has been the head-quarters, the very Mecca of golfers. There the game of golf is to be seen and played in all its perfection. And what is the game of golf? says some English reader. Golf is but the Dutch word for a club, and the game is played in this wise: A low, flat reach of sandy ground stretches along the banks of the sea shore to the north-west of St. Andrews, locally called "the Links." The ground is covered with furze, dry, hard grass interspersed with knolls, and occasional cases of soft rich grass. It is abundant in rude holes, technically called "bunkers," and the distance "out and home" is about three and a half miles. At irregular intervals, round holes, about four or five inches across, and say six inches deep, are carefully dug. Armed with clubs to suit all emergencies, and accompanied by a "caddie" to carry them, the player starts. The ball, which is spherical, and about two inches in diameter, is first placed carefully by hand on a slight eminence, and by a single stroke is then driven through the air towards the first hole. The player walks after it, and by a succession of strokes,

without again touching the ball, but only by his club, drives it into the first hole. He then lifts it out and proceeds in the same manner, hole after hole, till he has driven it out and home; and the art of the player is shown by the fewness of the strokes requisite to accomplish the entire distance. Any number of players may make a match for a round of the Links, and the person who comes in with the fewest strokes is the victor. The game is often very exciting. Sometimes the ball gets ensconced in a furze bush, sometimes in a streamlet, sometimes in a bog, sometimes on linen spread out to bleach on the grass, and sometimes in a soft sand "bunker" with a high bank to the front. But the dexterity with which some players by a skilful stroke, and with clubs of various forms, send the ball along the grass to the small round hole, often seems liker sleight of hand than mere skill of touch. Some of the great matches that have been played on St. Andrews Links, comparing small things with large, have caused an excitement in and around the ancient city only to be equalled by the Derby day at Epsom; we may add, and that fully and emphatically, with none of its vicious accompaniments. About one hundred strokes is the average number of the best golfers. The ball used to be made of feathers, but of feathers driven into the covering of leather so firmly and forcibly that, to the touch, the ball has the consistency of hard wood. Till within the last few years, St. Andrews manufactured clubs and golf balls for the world; but in latter days gutta percha has been found to answer equally well, and is far cheaper. We may say that this is the only manufacture carried on in St. Andrews; and now that it has all but ceased, the good old town is devoted to literature and learning alone. If any reader is curious to see golf played, and if he live in or near London, he may gratify his curiosity any fine summer afternoon, by taking a stroll on Blackheath, where it is often played by Scotchmen.

A Dragon Story.—The following extract from the old Worcester newspaper of 1715 affords a curious illustration of journalism and credulity in those days:—"Aymstry, 4 miles from Leominster, in Herefordshire, Aug. 20. A strange Dragon of a vast magnitude, having Wings, 4 Legs, a long Tail, large Scales, of a brightish Colour, has been seen hereabouts. It inhabits about the Black Hill, a mile from hence. We hear it has this day destroy'd many Sheep. People are in such fear that none dare pass that way. They have bought Powder and Ball to endeavour to destroy it, but it most commonly keeps in the Caverns of the Rocks."—Athenœum.

[The cutlers and the knives since Leland's time have emigrated to Sheffield, although many cutting instruments, such as heavy-edged tools, are still made in Birmingham. The "lorimers" have removed to Walsall, which is a great mart for saddlery; and the nailers are chiefly congregated about Dudley and Stourbridge.]

LIMITS OF COAL-FIELDS.—By excluding from the inquiry into the present or probable future coal supply of England and Wales, all the tracts of crystalline and palæozoic rocks which rise out from beneath the carboniferous strata, and in which no trace of coal can ever be discovered, and also all those secondary and tertiary rocks beneath which, for the reasons given, it is hopeless to look for coal, it will be seen that the existing and possibly future supplies have, for all practical purposes, an approximately defined limit (as most ably developed by Mr. Hull in his book, and most carefully described by Mr. Jevons in his book, which has attracted so much public attention), and that they range over little more than one-eighth of England and Wales, or an area of about 6,000 square miles.—Sir Roderick Murchison.

PATENT-OFFICE.—The expenses connected with this office amount to £31,410. An analysis of this sum shows that £9,933 is paid to the law officers of the Crown in England, £867 to their clerks, £9,145 for salaries (of which the Clerk of the Commissioners receives £1,000), £6,990 for incidental expenses, and £4,454 for compensation. The above charges do not include the expense of printing the specifications of patents, the drawings accompanying them, etc., amounting altogether to about £51,000, this charge being taken out of the receipts for stamp duties, which are estimated to produce for the year 1867-8 about £114,000.

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